

Année

de

Voyage.

—
Ep

H. de M.

Georg.

1905.



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Dedication.

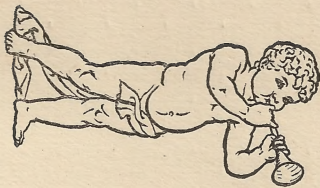
♪♪♪

To one, the quietly fair one, who in dreams
And visions only bade I dared to woo,
Fearful lest friendship's ties should sever'd be
By love's arrow, and her sympathy
Darken and fade as azure summer sea
When falls the night.

"It may be that some day fate will reveal"
"The passion I have felt for thee, and feel"
"That thy sweet influence has been as a gleam"
"Of sunshine on life's dark and troubled stream;"
"That, next my deep eternal love for thee,"
"Man's truest love is but inconstancy."

Davis,

June, 1889.



POEMS

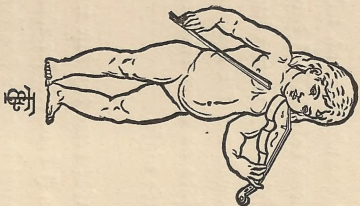


Who can say ? *



THOUGH the sun set bright and golden
At the close of summer's day,
Are we sure that peace and gladness
Have not with it passed away ;
That to-night be not the mother
Of a morrow cold and gray,
That you'll then not love another
Ah ! my darling ! who can say ?

* Set to music by Henri Logé.
Publishers : Messrs. Boosey & Co., London.



That the heavens bright and azure
 Be not dull and overcast,
 Doubly dreary, next the dazzling
 Beauty of the day that's past.
 Passion wields unearthly power,
 And we live beneath love's sway,
 Will you fail in danger's hour,
 Ah ! my darling ! who can say ?

And when at the last dread moment
 We shall near the silent bourn—
 Way so many have trod before us,
 Path so many feet have worn—
 Shall we still with trust unbending,
 At the close of life's long day,
 Share together peace unending,
 Ah ! my darling ! none can say !

SUEZ,
May, 1887.

★
 As the spring-tide to the flowers,
 As the kiss is to the sea
 Of the sunshine—so to me
 Is a kindly word from "Thee."

CONSTANTINOPLE,
Xmas, 1888.

★

Were the world's crown and sceptre at my feet
 I would disdain
 Acceptance, did the deed but give thee, sweet,
 One thought of pain.
 Thy love alone can make the world seem bright
 On land or sea ;
 Life is but death—and day one long dark night
 Bereft of "Thee."

CONSTANTINOPLE,
Xmas, 1888.



"*Neige & Fleurs.*"



THE world is fair to-day, the breezy headlands
Of Devon shimmer in the noonday heat,
The blue and sunlit sea is calmly sleeping
Beneath my feet.

No sound is there to break the sultry silence,
The sunny stillness of the sea and land,
Save far below where break the rippling wavelets
Upon the sand.

Light breezes steal across the grassy downland
(Cool sea of verdure flecked with waves of
flowers)

With scent of thyme and meadow sweet recalling
Past summer hours.

With one I loved, in yonder smiling valley,
Where nestles rock and fern, and forest-bound,
Clovelly ! Fairest village of fair Devon,
A garden ground

Of nature, tender of this fair oasis
Passed o'er as yet by man's destroying hand.
An Eden yet untouched and unpolluted,
A Fairyland

Of which my darling was the Queen, no truer
No fairer ruler ever graced a throne ;
A little while ago and she was with me,
But now alone,

I tread the old familiar ways in sadness,
 When day is dying seek the lonely shore,
 In memory live again the days of gladness
 That are no more.

Surely the saddest birthright God has given us
 Is memory—tho' men may call it kind
 When linked with happiness, alas ! with sorrow
 How oft entwined !

A strain of music, scent of earth and flowers,
 The patter on the leaves of falling rain,
 How vividly recall our bygone hours
 Of joy or pain !

And make us suffer tenfold, tho' the vision,
 Be bright and glad—it is for ever past
 The future has no counterpart—no pleasures
 Like to the last.

The quick and thoughtless jest that may have
 wounded
 And drowned the smile we looked for in a tear—
 How keenly hurts us now—how lightly heeded
 When *she* was here.

Who is, to-night, before me, as I saw her
 One starlight evening six short months ago ;
 The downs were bleak and barren then—the valleys
 White with deep snow.

And desolate the earth with dim brief daylight,
 The heavens darkened, and the ocean grey,
 Yet little cared we ! Was not love our sunshine
 Last Christmas day ?

"Twas New Year's Eve that in the silver starlight
 I looked my last upon her standing there,
 The moonbeam kisses on her fair white bosom,
 Her soft brown hair,

And as we stood and gazed in silence round us
 Across the still and snow-clad fields and fells
 There broke upon the night a distant jangle
 Of village bells.

Spellbound we listened to the sweet carillon,
 Softened by distance and a league of snow,
 Melodious waves upon a tide of music
 At ebb and flow.

And when the last faint notes of crystal music
 Had died away upon the frosty air
 Betokening us another year of labour
 And worldly care ;

Half shyly stole my loved one closer to me,
 Kissed me, and wished me well the coming year,
 Whispering, her warm white arms wound close
 around me,

"God bless you, dear."

It seems but yesterday—now all is over ;
 And she is gone ; the love-light in her eyes
 Is resting on God's glory and bright angels
 In Paradise.

CLOVELLY,

August, 1888.



To Siberia—for Life.

+

CHILL October evening,
With driving gusts of sleet,
That render yet more cheerless,

A Siberian village street ;
The brown and sombre landscape,
The deep, black, muddy way,
The squalid, filthy, dwellings,
Are fading in the gray.

And past the wooden village,
Out on the open lands,
A desolate grey structure,
The red-roofed prison stands,

16



A haven sad and gloomy,
For they who enter there
Are on their way to exile—
The pilgrims of despair.

To-night some fifty convicts
Have reached this drear abode,
Have trudged, till sick and footsore,
The dismal endless road ;
The long day's toil is over,
The night's hard-earned rest won,
Till o'er the pine-clad desert
Shall rise another sun.

Half dead with cold and hunger,
'Tis pitiful to see
This motley weird assemblage
Of grey clad misery ;

17

And mid that crowd of ruffians,
 A fair and boyish face,
 That bears upon its features
 A look of gentle race.

The prison suit hangs loosely
 Upon his slender frame,
 That seems to cower and shrink from
 Its uniform of shame.
 As, eyes downcast, he enters
 The heavy iron gates,
 To find the cruel shelter
 His weary soul awaits.

And when the cells are silent
 And wrapped in darkness deep,
 When blasphemy and curses
 Are hushed in heavy sleep

Alone the boy lies waking,
 And watching thro' the bars
 The patch of blue-black heaven,
 The softly glimmering stars.

And far away in spirit,
 As are those silver spheres,
 Is he from this foul dungeon
 Of misery and tears ;
 Far, far away in Poland,
 Where for five hundred years,
 Have honoured been his fathers—
 The noble name he bears.

Once more he sees the landscape
 Around the moated towers,
 The fragrant shady gardens,
 A paradise of flowers ;

The sun that slowly sinking
Is turning into gold,
The crested casements telling
Of chivalry of old.

And on the ivied terrace,
The loved and girlish face
Of unsurpassèd beauty,
The heirloom of its race ;
Queen of those fair dominions,
His child wife of an hour,
With grief now wasted—broken
Like some fair withered flower.

To-night in waking dreamland
He sees his darling nigh,
The white-winged pigeons gleaming
The bright blue northern sky.

Hears, through the soft breeze sighing,
Among the chestnut leaves,
The swallow's ceaseless music
Beneath the time-worn eaves.

Restored the auburn tresses,
The trustful loving eyes,
The sweetness of her kisses,
As in his arms she lies ;
Then—all is lost in darkness,
Some fettered dreamer wakes,
And clanking to the window
The golden vision breaks.

What is his crime ? you ask me,
This boy of twenty years ;
'Tis surely for base murder
That he the "diamond" * wears !

* Prisoners condemned to Siberia for life are distinguished by a yellow cloth "diamond" on their backs.

Ask those who know his story,
 Who with his half-crazed wife,
 Were present at his sentence :
 SIBERIA—FOR LIFE.

Some dozen lines—a poem,
 Composed with no design
 Save of amusing others,
 'Twas harmless, every line ;
 Yet one which Russia's ruler
 Deemed " dangerous to the state,"
 For this—the mines at Nerchinsk,
 For this,—a felon's fate.

A wise and holy monarch,
 Who, when occasion suits,
 Robs men of will and reason
 To level them with brutes ;

Oh, Czar of all the Russias !
 From Finland to Amour,
 Is there one being that loves thee,
 Is loyal—rich or poor ?

How long will iron slavery
 Oppress the unhappy land,
 Where honesty and knavery
 Both bear a felon's brand ;
 Where brave men and true women
 Are doomed to death and shame,
 For mentioning the freedom
 That lives there but in name ?

A name that yet may kindle,
 Ere many years are o'er,
 The embers of resentment
 Into the flame of war,

From which the unfettered nation
 Shall rise in strength and worth
 Of liberty, the offspring,
 In new and glorious birth.

And as the towering billow,
 That crashing on the deck,
 Converts the sinking vessel
 Into a hopeless wreck ;
 So one day shall the people
 Thy strength now overwhelms,
 Annihilate thee, tyrant,
 Within thy frozen realms.

The fate that hovers o'er thee
 No human hand shall stay,
 Nor check the spread of freedom
 When dawns that fateful day—

A day when shall re-echo,
 From east to western sea,
 The battle cry of "Victory,"
 "For Life and Liberty !"

SIBERIA,

August, 1887.





“*Olga.*”



FLOWERET born to blush unseen

Olga Lioubinitza,

In Siberian post canteen,

Olga Lioubinitza :

Passing fair and sweet sixteen,

Figure stately as a queen,

Who *can* your papa have been

Olga Lioubinitza ?

For those hands so white and small,

Olga Lioubinitza,

Were never meant for work at all,

Olga Lioubinitza ;

They far more to my mind recall

Some fair chasteleine's in castled hall,

Or titled belle's of some Court ball,

Olga Lioubinitza !

But then you say, mamma lives here,

Olga Lioubinitza,

Which makes the matter still less clear,

Olga Lioubinitza.

“Pa's history was rather queer,

He'd left mamma more than a year

When I ”—“Hark ! you are called I fear !

Olga Lioubinitza.”

SIBERIA,

August, 1887.





Æt Bougbl. *



X

F in the winter darkness,
 Or starlight summer eve,
 Thy thoughts should ever wander
 To me—Ah! sweet, believe
 That near thee, or divided
 By leagues of land and sea,
 I think but of one only,
 I love but one—'tis thee.

Can it be true that ever
 The long remorseless years
 Our lives must further sever
 In this dark vale of tears;

* Set to music by Lord Hay,
 Publishers: Messrs. Reid, 436, Oxford Street, W.

That when the night-rack lifting,
 Unveils the shores unknown,
 We must behold them—darling,
 Estranged and alone.

I never more may meet thee,
 Nor look upon thy face—
 New friends and faces greet thee,
 Old times have left no trace—
 Yet know this—that I love thee
 Just as of old—no less,
 And pray to God above thee
 To give thee happiness.

DESERT OF GOBI,

July, 1887.





Regret.



WHEN summer is dead, and the sunshine
 Has lost its old glamour and sheen,
 It is that we oftenest ponder
 O'er what is—and what might have been ;
 O'er the chances our folly has lost us,
 Of the sin that is done—past recall,
 Of how dearly the errors have cost us,
 That once seemed so trivial and small.

When the world in her white shroud of winter
 (Fit emblem of death and despair)
 Is obscured by the darkening heavens
 That once seemed so cloudless and fair ;

Then the loved one, perchance we have slighted,
 We long for and sigh for in vain ;
 Too late conscious that now, disunited,
 Life is but one dark sea of pain.

And regretful we re-live in memory,
 The joys and the sorrows of old,
 When the brief winter daylight is dying
 In glory of crimson and gold ;
 When the chill autumn breezes are sighing
 O'er the nature that perisheth,
 And the leaves that around us are lying
 Show nothing is certain but Death.

SIBERIA,

August, 1887.



X Though worlds divide us, and wide waste of sea,
 Were wishes wings then would I fly to thee,
 And sorrow vanished, next thy kindly heart,
 Forget that hence our ways must be apart—
 One gift shall never leave me—'tis a rose,
 We yet some day may meet again—who knows?

SUEZ,

May, 1887.



“*Bone.*”



TO-DAY and yesterday! In that brief space
 Of time joy dies, leaves nought but sorrow,
 Dreary the future, vanished thy dear face
 And voice, this lonely, sad “to-morrow.”

Remember! How can I forget?
 Love cannot die like ours of yore,
 In my heart lingers one hope yet
 Never, some day, to leave thee more.

+ Good bye! sweet golden days of rest
 And freedom from life's care and pain,
 Do not forget me—love *me* best,
 Adieu! God grant we meet again.

MELBOURNE,

October, 1885.



"Little Jakes."



JFACE half wistful, wholly fair,
A wealth of curly auburn hair,
Fringed with dark lashes—two blue lakes
"Little Jakes."

A wayward spirit, thoughtless mind,
A heart that beats but to be kind,
For good, un murmuring, evil takes,

"Little Jakes."

Is *her's* the sin that early sown
Forced her to live her life alone,
Drove her to evil for men's sakes,
Not her own?

Far worthier she than some I ween,
To be the wife she might have been,
Necessity, not evil, makes

"Little Jakes."

A name that well known for a while,
Calls forth from most a pitying smile,
In one alone sad memory wakes :

"Little Jakes !"

SIBERIA,

August, 1887.





Æ Riddle.



TAKE my first—a human feature
One first seen on every face,

That is often the sign manual

Of a nation or a race ;

Many animals possess it,

Tho' it's never found on birds—

You have guessed the name already,

I have made too plain my words.

Now my second—(please remember

Ere these simple lines you scan)

They are meant for woman only

And are not addressed to man—

Well—my second— Venus rising

From the blue and sunlit sea

Could not form a fairer picture,

Yet more radiant still 't would be,

Did your loveliness enhance it,

With that charm that's all your own,

Charm that seeds of love and hatred

In so many breasts has sown ;

Yet tho' fair as Eve, your mother,

Must you seem, dear lady then

'Tis a sight (unless you're married)

Unbeheld as yet by men.

Third : a lighthouse, were I poet

To descant on such a theme,

Pray believe I'd gladly do it,

But I am not what I seem ;

As you know the purest diamond

Always forms the centre stone,

Find it—here I cannot rhyme and

It has two verses, not one.



'Tis not a thing of might or power,
Of wealth or worldly fame ;
Only a pure white water flower,
Known by its quaint French name.

PEKIN,

June, 1887.



Au Revoir.

FEEL no remorse, darling,
Do not forget
That the world brighter is
Now we have met ;
That love for thee, darling,
Hope will renew,
And that where'er thou art
I will be true.

Fear not the world's disdain,
Or scandal rife
Of those who would defame
Thy name of wife ;
For we twain, let us live
To all else blind,
Fear God, who can forgive
Sin, not mankind.

If sin, that may be called,
Which from our hearts
Drives out our baser thoughts
Pure love imparts ;
If this indeed be sin,
And pays its cost,
Lives one this world within
Who is not lost !

Cairo,

February, 1886.



Cui Bono ?



WHEN childhood's days are past and gone,
When youth has had its fling,
And shortening years and silver streaks
Show time is on the wing—
How little can our joys compare
With all the ills we have to bear,
Does not the thought occur to all,
Is life worth living—after all ?
The sunshine bright that gild the days
When we were young and gay,
Is darkened now by clouds of care
That seldom roll away ;

The bed of sickness and of pain,
From which we ne'er may rise again,
Should make us thankful—not appal—

Is life worth living—after all?

The shallow friends, the bitter foes,

That mar our daily life,

The frail and fleeing constancy

Of mistress or of wife;

Th' impossible for which man longs,

The one right lost mid thousand wrongs,

When we this weary life recall

Is it worth living—after all?

SIBERIA,

August, 1887.



Golden Years.



GOLDEN years of merry sunshine

Childhood's days of careless glee,

Heedless of life's toil and sorrow,

Fearing nought we do not see;

Loving much and hating never,

Smiling even thro' our tears,

Could those years but last for ever,

Happy childhood's golden years!

Leadens years of careworn manhood,

When the heart is cold and dead,

Worn by care and toil unending,

Conscious that life's joys have fled;

Restless days and waking hours

Thro' the nights of hopes and fears,

Worldly weeds have choked the flowers

Of the long past golden years.

Silver years of age and quiet—

Blest are they that count these gold—

Resting from the strife and turmoil,

Dreaming o'er the days of old.

Happy they who've shunned the leaven,

Felled the tree that evil bears,

They but wait the hour when Heaven

Shall renew their golden years.

SIBERIA,

September, 1887.



Adieu.



WORD thou hast spoken—so lightly
A kiss thou hast given—half in jest,

Yet could'st thou interpret these rightly

Thou wouldst know they have banished my rest;

Tho' in my heart there lives but thee only,

And in thy thoughts I dwell but a day,

Think sometimes of one who—so lonely—

Is thinking of thee far away.

The kind heart that made me adore thee,

The true eyes that cannot betray,

The sweet face, that always before me,

Shall haunt me for ever and aye;

These are in my mind but a union
Of all that is truest and best,
One hour of thy tender communion
Has lulled all my sorrows to rest.

May joys that with grief are unblended
Cheer thy pathway thro' life, sere and cold,
Till the long weary journey be ended
That shall bring thee to cities of gold ;
And when death's cold arms are around me,
When the threads of this brief life are riven,
God grant that the love that has bound me
To thee, darling, may be forgiven.

MELBOURNE,

October, 1885.



Violets.



VIOLETS ! how I love you flowers,
Beautiful, yet sad,
God ne'er meant you for the hours
When the heart is glad ;
But to weep in silence fragrant
O'er a last caress ;
Let the roses, bright and radiant,
Smile on happiness.

Be the earth with sere leaf golden,
White with winter snow,
With you come sweet visions olden,
Dreams of long ago.

Thoughts of fair and cloudless weather

'Neath a southern sun

When we, she and I together,

Picked you, and were one.

Now she's gone, and I may never

Look on her again,

Thus it is on earth—two sever,

And one feels no pain.

Had we then but known the tending

Of our happiness !

Sorrow and regret unending

Live-long bitterness !

And his ever living story

Will you e'er recall

He who died for England's glory,

Chose for her to fall ;

Who, resigning his great nation,

Fell by Zulu lance,

Who, tho' then in tribulation,

Would have ruled fair France.

'Tis from you, my true spring flower,

Scent sweet sympathy,

Lighpens every lonely hour,

Care, or misery—

White gardenia, orange bridal,

Lilac, mignonette,

Roses, lilies, none can rival

One sweet violet.

Moscow,

October, 1887.





My Baby Fair.

SECRET wears my life and soul away,
Could I but dare

To hope that you would guess it some fine day

My lady fair,

And know all that I bear for your sweet sake !

Knowing full well

One word from you can save me, or can make

Of life a hell.

And yet I dare not tell you—not from fear

That he should know

Who made you his that dark December day

A year ago ;

Almost a little child you looked beside

Your husband there,

The country folk had ne'er looked on a bride

So white and fair.

But you so often say "Let us be friends !"

I dare not speak,

You cannot know whither such friendship tends ;

That flesh is weak ;

Though man be willing—that no wife nor maid

Can love resist,

That soft brown hair and lips like yours were made

But to be kissed.

That to be near you and to touch your hand

My little queen,

To hear your voice as one from fairyland

Is torture keen

To one who loves you, yet dare not reveal,

Or put to test,

The secret of his life, for woe or weal,

Yet were it best.

For time is fleeting, as the autumn wold
 Is bleak and gray,
 So soon our passions wither and grow cold
 As winter's day,
 And scarce has fate decreed that we shall tread
 Love's golden shore
 Than night has fallen, and our youth has fled
 For evermore.

BALOOCHISTAN,

June, 1889.



Souvenir.



7 COLD and rainy evening.
 A quiet London square,
 Hard by an old street organ
 Is playing an old French air.

A song from out the opera
 Of "Mignon," the stolen child,
 An idyll of peace and sunshine
 Set to music weird and wild.

"Kenst du das land" is the burden
 Of the sweet pathetic strain;
 A story of childhood's suffering,
 A record of girlhood's pain.

As the music fills the gloaming
 With a pathos all its own,
 Come back the thoughts and memories
 That are sacred—and mine alone.

"C'est la que le voudrais vivre !"
 Can I ever those words forget,
 That she sang me that summer evening
 Of the day when first we met.

The scent of a thousand flowers,
 The plash of the distant sea,
 The silvern chords of the piano,
 All are back, to-night, with me.

The shadowy moonlit garden,
 On that fragrant southern shore,
 The hushed voice of my darling
 As she bids me leave no more.

The soft white hands that tremble
 As with mine they intertwine,
 The maddening sweet caresses
 That make her for ever mine.

"I was but the old, old story,
 Not love she had wed but gold ;
 Thus are England's daughters bartered
 As Afric's slaves are sold.

Two years of love and exile,
 Unblest by marriage tie,
 Then she sank 'neath shame and censure,
 Became mine but to die.

My heart is cold and broken,
 I can never love again ;
 Dead in me ambition, feeling
 For life's pleasure, of life's pain.

Yet to-night the old street organ
Has recalled those perished years,
And mastered my strength and manhood
In a flood of bitter tears.

SIBERIA,

July, 1887.



By the Sea.



DOWN on the beach the breezes blow,
And the breakers' ebb and flow
Fill the air on cliff and lea
With a wild sweet melody—
And to-day, that all is drear,
Cold and grey the dying year,
Would my heart were as the sea,
Joyous, boundless, fetter free,
Free to roam from end to end
Of the world, without a friend
To betray in danger's hour,
Self-reliant in my power
And majestic might.

What are waves but coming years
 Of the future—each one bears
 On its crest a weed or shell,
 What will the next bring? Who shall tell?
 So in life the speeding years
 Lend us laughter, leave us tears,
 Following each close on the last—
 To be irrevocably past!

CLOVELLY,

November, 1888.



*On seeing the Names
 Isaacson and Bates
 Cut into Marbles
 at Persepolis, Persia.*



HAD every one who wrote his name
 A right to do so prowess or fame
 Had given him—
 On this sacred spot
 'Twere well—but all I see around
 Are void of meaning, and in sound—
 Euphonious?
 Maybe—I think not.

PERSIA,

January, 1889.



Liaison Rompue.



FAREWELL ! since you wish it ; and may
recollection

Of past happy hours ne'er cause you regret,
Or bring you long wearisome days of dejection,
The lot of poor mortals who cannot forget ;
I am not of such, nor I fancy are you, dear,
Tho' I fondly imagined, scarce one year ago,
That, in earnest for once, you would ever be true
dear,

I trusted you in that I worshipped you so !

But time, the destroyer, has shattered illusion
That blinded suspicion and made me your slave,
Fate has stood me in stead and dispelled the
delusion
That only to me love and honour you gave—

Nor can I complain—for my worthy successor
But plays *me* the trick that *I* played—you know
who—
The husband you lovingly call "your confessor,"
The one who believes you proud, virtuous, and
true.

Philosophy tells us that love is a season
Like winter or summer—and brief is its prime,
How rarely we find it untainted by treason
In woman, or man—when corroded by time !
The fault, dear, was nature's, not yours, and if
blindly
You love him—you loved me once nearly as well,
I bear you no malice—think then of me kindly—
In sorrow—not anger—for ever Farewell !

St. PETERSBURG,
June, 1889.



Good Night.



DARKNESS is nigh and in a ray
Of golden glory dies the day,
While shadowy landscapes fade away

From sight

Cool breezes steal o'er hill and plain
To soothe the weary heart and brain
Till dawn shall bring us toil again,

Good Night.

The Heavens, blue as children's eyes,
Have darkened as the daylight dies,
Till myriad worlds the blue black skies

Bedight.

The twain alone their vigil keep,
Who wake while other mortals sleep;
To all save those who sin—or weep.

Good Night.

In fragrant silence sleep the flowers
Close-locked, in dewy, grassy bowers,
Violet with lily—till the hours

Of light ;

Alone is heard the nightingale
On moonclad hill, in shadowy vale,
Till silenced by the dawning pale—

Good Night.

The end of life is but the close
Of life's long weary day, and those
Who truly seek shall find repose

In flight ;

The feathery shimmer and the sigh,
And whisper of an angel by :
“ Life is but toil, why fear to die ? ”

Good Night.





Envoi.

Should these poor doggerel rhymes e'er reach the hand,
 I wish them to, then may'st thou understand
 This fruit of weary hours on land and sea
 Was nurtured by the memory of "Thee."

Paris,

June, 1889.



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